

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

—ORIGINAL—

STYLE.

THE number of fine writers, that the last century has produced, has had an effect on the works of many of the present day, which reason would hardly teach us to expect, and which impartial criticism loudly condemns.

Subjects, so various as those, of which they have treated, would naturally lead to the adoption of diverse styles. Accordingly each one of them, consulting his own powers at amplification, and duly weighing the nature and extent of his subject, has adopted a manner of writing, peculiar and appropriate.

The same florid style, which is required in a treatise on oratory or poetry, would be illy applied to the gravity of moral, or the rigidity of natural philosophy.

The vehemence and fiery zeal, which those, who are seated in the senate-house, employ to gain a favourite object, or to baffle the efforts of their antagonists, would be esteemed ridiculous enthusiasm in them, whose task and design it is to build up the peaceable kingdom of Emanuel, and perseveringly inculcate his pure, benignant, and sublime doctrines.

When a calm appeal is to be made to the understandings of men, on a subject in which they are nearly interested, the flowers of rhetoric lose all their fragrance, and the impassioned tones of oratorical declamation have as little effect on the attentive ear as the gentle murmur of the passing winds.

But many writers of the present time, forgetful of the excellent rules prescribed in the *Ars Poetica*, and fixing their eye steadfastly on their favorite author, undeviatingly follow him, whatever be their subject, or whatever their design. Whether their captivating author dealt in the soft pensive strains of doubtful love, or whether he perplexed himself in the more rough and intricate mazes of argumentation, it is all the same.—He must be followed, imitated, and his style indiscriminately applied to all subjects.

The easy manner of the writer, whose time was devoted to the delineation of the features of common life, or the airy elegance of him, whom his inclination prompted to rise on the light pinions of imagination, has so completely captivated some, that, in spite of the dictates of their better judgment, they employ it, without distinction, in the occult fields of metaphysics, in the pleasingly negligent province of prosaic description, and in the enchantingly varied regions of poetic fiction.

Some bring the same expressions to the table, and employ them on every trivial topic, which they have acquired at the bar or in the pulpit, when discoursing on the most important subjects; subjects, which require the noble, animating and elevated style.

A forced elevation is always dangerous, and always disgusting. It is as disagreeable, per-

haps, to discover a mean, low subject treated of in a lofty, magnificent style, as it is to see an elevated subject clothed in the language of meanness and poverty.

At an university where students become acquainted with elegant writers, with writers who professedly treat of the most elevated and important subjects, the gilded trappings of style are apt to be mistaken and substituted for purity and nobleness of sentiment, and to be preferred to the perspicacity of unclouded reason. In no place, perhaps, does a prurient propensity for the clear bombast prevail to a greater degree. It is there frequently thought that a few common ideas, clothed with a tawdry meretricious garb, make a complete writer; one, whose fame will be extensive with the globe and lasting as time.

Impressed with these false notions, students dilate, inflate and sublimize the meanest topics and most vulgar conceptions.

A journey is by them described, if it be of a few miles only and through a barren country, with all the high colouring and all the pomposity of a tour of Europe, or a visit to *Ætna* or the *Glaciers* of Switzerland. When they write a letter to a friend, with whom their acquaintance is ever so familiar, they often swell it with all the turgid formality and all the pompous circumlocution of a declaration of independence. These habits gained without due consideration, and confirmed by want of proper reflection, are apt to abide during life.

Hence the reason why that simplicity, so disagreeable in ancient authors, is rarely to be found at the present day.

A good style is surely of primary importance. Without it none can expect to be eminent as scholars in polite literature. But style should always completely correspond with the subject and design.

For this purpose, the best authors should be consulted; but no one in all cases imitated, since no one has treated of all subjects. A painter, or statuary, who wished to leave to posterity a perfect model, would wisely collect from those with whom he was acquainted, those features and members, whose symmetry and beauty would happily conspire to represent a harmonious and perfect whole. So the writer, who wishes his style to be honored with the epithet, perfect, will cautiously collect the scattered, yet harmonious beauties, which are discoverable in the various works of his predecessors.

Care is necessary not only to mark how each author of celebrity has written, but how he *would* have written, had he fallen on a different subject. Without this care, it is idle and vain to think of lasting usefulness and desirable estimation.

C. W.

MR. ORLANDO,

THIS morning, the death-founding bell disclosed the departure of an active, valuable friend, whose sudden, unexpected dissolution gave

occasion to the following reflections on the transient scene of life and the grave, which, not designed for the dead, but for the living, I submit to your disposal.

O Time! Time! what is it! It is a dream—a vapor. How short the period of life and the whole period of time! From the birth to the grave, the distance is but a span,—an inch—a hair's breadth—How transient the successive periods of childhood, youth, manhood and old age! Who can be insensible of the short, I had almost said, *infinitely* short term of life?—Must not the young, vigorous and gay be amazed with the conviction, that they are but for a moment? Reverting to their earliest remembrance, must they not say, we have existed only an hour? Turning then to those around them whose locks have become white like the *Almond-tree* in its blossoms, whose hands tremble, whose faces are furrowed with wrinkles through the infirmity of old age, can they not hear them affirm—our days are short and swifter than the fleetest racers. Our youth, alas, when did it commence? when did it end?—Our childhood is gone like the dream of the night—verily, we *yesterday* sprang into being, we have existed only a day or a night; this world, as said the heathen, is only an inn, where we are lodged for the night, but are gone in morning. Such indeed must every man say is the shortness of life.

But what is time, when compared with eternity? When compared, did I say; not so; can unbounded be compared with bounded—infinite with finite—or time with eternity! Truly not the least comparison, but the greatest contrast is discoverable; such a contrast too, that time has not the least attribute of eternity. Nothing in the universe of conception can fully diminish the period of time in relation to eternal ages. What is a drop of water to the ocean—what is the mote flying in the air to this globe—what is it to all the bodies which move in the heavens—what is a hair's breadth to the distance from the centre to the most remote margin of the universe? The comparison between these objects is infinitely greater, than that between *temporal* and *eternal*.—What then is time—it is a speck—it is a point—rather, it is nothing! But what is eternity—it is eternity—it is eternity!—O the word, the thought! It is too great for mortals! we are lost, inconceivably lost in the infinite, unknown word!—But, I forbear, and only add, that the virtuous use of time, not to my lamented friend alone, but to all its subjects, will issue in the glory of eternity.

DIEGO.

(To be continued.)

THE physical world exhibits an extensive field for the exertion and improvement of human genius. The operations of nature are truly incomprehensible and mysterious. Should we endeavor to penetrate the recesses of our earth, and aim at a clear discovery of the phe-

nomena, there presented to view ; we are lost in labyrinths of perplexity, and confounded with an impressive conviction of our humble state. If we turn our attention to the firmament, and survey the ethereal expanse of the Heavens ; should we extend our views to the planetary system, and essay to scan the works of "The Most High ;" we readily perceive, that "the wisdom of the Almighty is unsearchable, and his ways past finding out."—But to attempt an investigation of common causes and effects, by actual experiment and rational hypothesis is highly conducive to our interest as accountable beings. Although we are as nothing in relation to celestial intelligents, we have, nevertheless, the intellects of moral agents, and are furnished with the most indubitable evidence of the existence of a first cause, who spake, into being, the spacious frame of nature. To contemplate the infinite power, the wisdom, and beneficence of the Creator and Preserver of all things, is the inestimable privilege of man. In attending to the construction, the quality, and the properties of natural bodies ; while extending our researches from plain and simple facts to subjects more complicated and perplexing to the mind ; while considering the formation of the human frame, with the mental faculties it contains, we behold the attributes of nature's God conspicuously displayed. In this sublime employment, our supreme veneration and gratitude ought to be excited toward our common parent and bountiful benefactor.—Hence appears the relation between the philosophical and religious systems, the former of which seems admirably calculated to unfold the latter.—Were it, then, the design of the votaries of this science to remove prejudice and erroneous principles from the mind, to enlighten and instruct the human race, and inspire them with love to the divine Sovereign, it would indeed be laudable, and promotive of general happiness.

But while we enumerate, with pleasure, the beauties of this curious, useful and entertaining science, we have abundant reason to lament the gross impositions, which have been heaped upon mankind under the veil of false philosophy.—Societies have hitherto been formed, and artful theories are still established for the pretended purpose of disengaging the mind from the bonds of ignorance and bigotry, and causing a general spread of science to pervade the habitable globe.—But how false and deceitful have been such schemes !—How contradictory to the boasted designs of their accursed propagators ! While attracting the credulous minds of the innocent and uninformed, seducing thousands by the vain rumor of liberty and equal rights, their ultimate object was the subversion of salutary governments, the total overthrow of the holy doctrines of christianity, and a final bar to the further improvement of the human intellect.—Such were the machinations of factious disorganizers to gratify an ungoverned ambition.—But thanks to Heaven, we hope to escape the hellish plots of the enemies of mankind, and view them as monuments of eternal disgrace.

CINCINNATUS.

—SELECTED—

FROM THE REPERTORY.

THERE is no art in which our public prints more excel, than in the art of puffing, and no part of the union, in which it is practised with more success, than in New-England, and in this our beloved town of Boston. As in these eastern states, it is rare to meet with an uncommisioned private, since our very publicans are field-officers, so, if we give credit to our weekly journals, our minds too are of a gigantic stature, and tower far above the pigmy geniuses of Europe. In the opinion of certain enlightened editors, our men are wiser than Solomon, and our women more beautiful than Venus.

If in the house or senate, a speech unusually popular and impressive, is delivered, we find in the next paper, a high-flown panegyric, in terms similar to these : "Yesterday Mr. A. in the debate that took place in the house, delivered a speech, which far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of his warmest admirers. It united the torrent of Demosthenes with the splendid conflagration of Tully, and in short, is above all eulogy. We hope shortly to be able to gratify the public with this unrivalled specimen of reason and eloquence."

Should a series of periodical papers be collected and published in a volume, we are immediately informed, "The volume now for sale has the fairest claims to the palm of immortality. It comprises the genteel humor and easy elegance of Addison, the rich colouring of Hawkefworth, and the majestic energy of Johnson. We may now boast of a work that will establish the fame of American literature on an immovable basis, and challenge the proudest productions of Europe."

Should a poem appear, however vicious in design, and defective in execution, the intrepid editor heroically asserts—"The world must now confess, that the muses have at length taken up their abode in Columbia. This poem vies with the happiest efforts of the European muse, in design and execution, and greatly excels all the bards of the old world in magnificence and originality of expression. The author, without flattery, may be styled the tenth muse."

So lavish, indeed, are our editors of their encomiums, that the death or marriage of the obscurest person in the community, seldom happens, without extravagant praises ; as for instance—"Last Thursday was united in the bands of connubial bliss, Mr. C. Scavenger to the lovely and all-accomplished Miss D."—Then follows a scrap of poetry, which, if it prove either rhyme or sense, the reader finds himself agreeably disappointed.

"Died last Wednesday, after a short illness, Dermot Tipperary, lemon-seller. The public have sustained an irreparable loss in this worthy Hibernian, as his lemons far excelled all others, in thinness of skin and delicacy of flavour. The selectmen, and other connoisseurs in punch, uniformly declared, that none squeezed with so much ease, or tasted so well ; and the first ladies of our metropolis have been known to refuse lemonade, when not made with

the lemons of Mr. Tipperary. We hope that all those who have been refreshed by his fruit, will not fail to attend his funeral, which will proceed from," &c. &c.

This custom of praising every one in the same strains of extravagant encomium, would be equally silly and harmless, did it not swell the vanity of the ignorant, and expose us to the ridicule of strangers. I was once informed by a British officer, who was taken prisoner with Burgoyne, that he was thus accosted by an honest Yankee, who was his sentinel : "Well, I guess you are very glad you are taken, eh ! You never fared so well before. Good salt pork and beef every day, and a power of sauce. Why, they tell me, that in Britain, the king and nobles eat up all the meat, and the rest of the folks live upon porridge and potatoes." The officer was amused with the simplicity of the honest fellow, and thinking it no easy matter to deceive him, rather confirmed him in his error, leaving him highly elated with the imagined superiority of his country.

This vanity among the less informed part of our citizens, might lead us at times into a war, did not their love of money dread the expenses that would attend it. Thus, we are guarded against the consequences of one weakness, by the counteracting effects of another. Vanity is the most despicable of infirmities, and puffing generally injures those whom it intends to serve. When we find any one praised beyond his desert, our self-love takes the alarm, and leads us to inquire into his claims of superiority. On discovering that either as a speaker or a writer, he is but a mortal piece of mediocrity, our indignation is kindled against his insidious encomiast, and we feel inclined to detract even from the real merit he may possess.

An honest, but ill-informed citizen may think the Old South larger than St. Paul's, and the Mall superior to the Thuilleries. But men of sense should be above such prejudices, which are a perpetual bar to improvement, and expose us to the derision of foreigners. We are highly gifted as a nation, and inferior to none in proportion to our opportunities ; and whilst all the world allow us to be six feet high, let us not quarrel with them, should they refuse to acknowledge us to be seven.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

Messrs. Poyntell and Co. of this city, propose to put to press immediately, Lord Teignmouth's Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Correspondence of Sir WILLIAM JONES. This delightful Biography of a most learned Scholar, not more remarkable for the wonderful extent, and variety of his talents, than for the consummate diligence with which he exercised, and the noble use to which he applied them, will, we venture to predict, be perused with greater interest than any work of the class since the publication of Boswell's Johnson. We have studied it with the most eager curiosity, and with continued satisfaction ; and it is our duty to recommend it to every polite scholar, who is willing to be incited and encouraged in the race for literary renown, by the glorious example of Sir W. Jones, who, in the well-balanced words of

his elegant Biography, was equally qualified to explore the beauties of nature, the works of art, the discriminations of character, and the productions of science.

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.

NOTHING has excited so much attention of late, among philosophers, as those vast stony and metallic masses which are said to have fallen from the loftier regions of the atmosphere. Those who have written on this curious subject, have had recourse to electricity to explain the luminous appearance and noise with which these messengers have been attended. Mr. Robertson, in his aerial excursion from Ham-burgh, has discovered, that, at a considerable elevation, neither glass, sulphur, or wax produce any electrical effect from friction, and he could neither collect the fluid upon his conductors, or upon his electrometer.—*London pap.*

BRUCE, THE TRAVELLER,

Among other strange things, notices a custom, which obtained with a certain people, of cutting from a live beast so much flesh as the exigence of the moment required, and then sending it forth until their future cravings inclined them again to seek the same animal.—Not having Bruce by me, I cannot point out the case in which this particular fact occurs; but I remember that it was greatly ridiculed, since appeared, without justice. Englishmen might be shocked at the cruelty of the act, they had but to consider how much wonder at it, but the quotation will prove, that the practice was formerly practised in the dominions of the British monarch.

Edinburgh Miscellany, vol. 6, p. 127.

Their cruelty descends to their beasts, it being a custom, in some places, to feast upon a living cow; they tie her in the middle of them, near a great fire, and then cut collops of this poor living beast, and broil them on the fire, till they have mangled her all to pieces; nay, sometimes they will cut off as much as will satisfy their present appetites, and let her go, till their greedy stomachs call for a new supply: such horrible cruelty as scarce can be paralleled in the whole world.—*A modern account of Scotland, written by an English Gentleman, in 1670.*

Ut supra.

Generosity of King GEORGE the Second.

DURING the siege of Fort St. Philip, a young Lieutenant of the Marines was so unhappy as to lose both his legs by a chain shot. In this miserable and helpless condition he was conveyed by the first opportunity to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honorable board, in order to obtain some additional consideration to the narrow stipend of half pay. The honorable board pitied the youth, but disregarded the petition.—Major Mason had the poor Lieutenant conducted to the Court on a public day, in his uniform; where, posted in the Guard-room, and supported by two of his brother officers, he cried out as the King was passing to the Drawing-room, "Behold,

great Sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you; he has lost both in your service. The King, struck no less by the singularity of his address, than by the melancholy object before him, stopped, and hastily demanded what had been done for him. "Half pay," replied the Lieutenant, and please your Majesty, "Fye, fye, on't," said the King, shaking his head, "but let me see you again next Levee-day." The Lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of assignation, when he received from the immediate hands of Royalty, five hundred pounds smart money, and an appointment of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly so long as he lived.

AGRICULTURAL.

A TRAIT OF EARLY TIMES.

In such high esteem was practical agriculture held by the ancient Romans, that they resented the slightest affront offered to the profession of it; of which the following instance is on record: Scipio Nasica being a candidate for the place of Curule Edile, meeting a labouring farmer, took him by the hand and asked him for his vote; but finding his hand to be very hard, he said to him, "Pray, friend, do you walk on your hands? The farmer resented this question, and complained of it as an insult, and Scipio, in consequence, lost his election.

Con. Cour.

From Hannah More's Female Education.

IT would be a noble employment and well becoming the tenderness of their sex, if ladies were to consider the superintendence of the poor as their immediate office. They are peculiarly fitted for it; for from their own habits of life they are more intimately acquainted with domestic wants than the other sex; and in certain instances of sickness and suffering peculiar to themselves, they should be expected to have more sympathy; and they have obviously more leisure.

ANECDOTES.

Mr. Walker, a clergyman in Connecticut, was visited by Lawyer Reed, who had formerly been preacher.—The Parson, acquainted with this circumstance, insisted upon Reed's tarrying over Sunday. He consented, and preached in the forenoon from Job 1. 7.—"Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, from going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it."—Doctrine—"The Devil is a Walker."—In the afternoon, Mr. Walker, a little chagrined at the satirical discourse of the quondam priest, retorted upon him, from Matthew xi. 7. "A Reed shaken with the wind."—Doctrine—"Insensibility is peculiar to Reeds."

AN Hibernian gentleman, speaking of one of his countrymen, an imported patriot, observed, that he was a very lucky fellow in leaving sweet Ireland just as he did, for had he "lived there till this time, he would have been hung a year ago."

FARRAGO.

SELECTED PARAGRAPHS.

Shakspeare might vault his Pegasus without a rein; mountains might rise, and seas roll in vain before him; nature could neither stop nor circumscribe his career.

Mr. Gifford, we understand, is engaged in writing a life of Buonaparte.

AGENT for the TABLET.

John Dabney, Esq. Salem, (Mass.)

MARRIED,

At Guildhall, (Ver.) Mr. William Heath, of Haverhill, to Miss Priscilla Owen, of Northumberland, N. H.

At Cornish, Dr. Jonathan Badger, of Concord, to Miss Elizabeth Hall.

At Hartland, Mr. John Hall, of Cornish, to Miss Louisa Morgan.

At Orford, Mr. Calvin Palmer, of Lyman, to Miss Esther Derby—Mr. Elijah Palmer, to Miss Polly Niles.

At Lime, Mr. Lyman Converse, to the agreeable Miss Polly Kent—Mr. Leonard Perkins, to Miss Matilda Cook.

*'Tis the kind hand of death unlocks the chain,
Which clogs the noble and aspiring soul,
And then the christian lives.*



DIED,

At London, Mrs. Margaret Arnold, æt. 44, widow of Brig. Gen. Arnold.

At Georgia, Mr. James Thomas, aged 134; his eye-sight was so little impaired, that he could read print, without the assistance of glasses, to the last year of his existence.

At Farmington, (Con.) Maj. William Judd, aged 63.—At Marlborough, Elijah Kellogg, Esq. aged 75.—At Hebron, Col. John Peters, aged 87 years.

At Eastford, in Ashford, the Rev. Andrew Judson, in the 56th year of his age, and 26th of his ministry.

At Newburyport, Joseph Cutler, Esq. aged 53, Cashier of Merrimac Bank.

At Charlestown, N. H. Deacon John Hastings, aged 83—one of the first settlers.

In this town, on the 19th Nov. Sally Bearce, aged 15,—on Sunday morning last, Alpheus Bearce, aged 19,—on Monday Mrs. Bearce, and on Tuesday Abigail Bearce, aged 17,—the wife and children of Mr. Jonathan Bearce,—all of the fever.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

She's gone, but again may return.

QUOTH John, why my Betty, my dear,
Don't look so distressfully four,
Don't let those rough wrinkles appear,
They rob you of sweet winning power.

Why scold you so monstrously loud?
Why injure your nightingale voice?
Remember you once to me vow'd,
Your husband in you should rejoice.

Behold! whilst you're scolding and fretting,
Our children return from their play;
Their game and their frolic forgetting,
They hasten in terror this way.

Those objects, that once could delight,
Divelted appear of their charms;
Like creatures in habit of night,
They give strangely fearful alarms.

Be reconcil'd then and recal
That pleasant, that sweet, smiling air,
Which once gave delight in the hall,
And made you so charmingly fair.

Be peaceful, contented and mild,
Speak words of affection and love,
Demean yourself now like a child,
Or else like an innocent dove.

The gloom, that now hovers around,
Will then be dispelled from our view;
Each object of sight will be found
Its beauty and form to renew.

Here Betty, with terrible look
And voice, like Xantippe's of yore,
Begins. "I no longer can brook
Such council as you've got in store.

What! think to reprove me of wrong,
Or humble me lower than earth?
I'll give you a comforting song,
And fill you with serious mirth.

I will—but I cannot proceed,
Your presence I perfectly hate,
I'll leave you on proverbs to feed,
I'll seek a more blissful estate."

Says John, she's retir'd and whereas
My Betty's forsaken my bed,
And left me exactly's she has,
She may go and hunger for bread.

Let none trust or harbour my wife
Expecting that I shall account,
For never will I in my life
Ev'n fettle one farthing's amount.

If ever she's pleas'd to return
I'll receive her with head bending low,
But, should she my council still spurn,
I'll then give her money to go.

STENOGRAPHICUS.

O D E,

Written on the morning of the 4th of July, 1804.

AUSPICIOUS morn! boast of Columbia's sons,
With speechless joys, we'll hail thy blest return,
While thro' our veins a crimson current runs,
Till the last patriot-spark shall cease to burn.

This is the time oppression's grasp was broke,
And anarchy's elfin shackles burst away;
On freedom's altar let our incense smoke,
And joyful myriads celebrate the day.

But hush! my friends, hush! hear what doleful moans
On eastern gales come sighing thro' the air;
Alas! the tyrant frowns, hear the deep groans
Of countless wretches frantic with despair.

Sooner than fiends like him usurp our right,
Sooner than freedom on our soil expire,
The lamps of eve shall sink in endless night,
And earth herself be wrapt in sheets of fire.

Sooner shall George point engines charg'd with death
At yon bright orb and scare him from his way,
Or poison Cynthia with his venom'd breath,
Than thou, Columbia, be again his prey.

Our fathers left us FREE, free we remain,
And till they grant us, rising from their graves,
A right to sell our liberty again,
We've sworn we never, never will be slaves.

This day may union warm each patriot's breast,
While freedom's dauntless martyrs smile to see,
From fields elysian, mansions of the blest,
Their children happy, and their nation free.

A. Z.

SELECTED POETRY.

AYE AND NOE.—A FABLE.

BY GAY.

IN Fable all things hold discourse;
Then Words, no doubt, must talk of course.

Once on a time, near Cannon-row,
Two hostile adverbs, Aye and No,
Were hastening to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite;
Before each general join'd the van,
Aye, the more courteous knight, began.

"Stop, Peevish Particle! beware!
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon' folks a while to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder stage,
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Aye, and Aye, gives No;
Yet, in expensive long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or pension.
Why then should kinsfolks quarrel thus?
(For two of you make one of us.)
To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his proper use may know:
He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treasury lord, not Maister Young.
Obsequious at his high command,
Aye shall march forth to tax the land;
Impeachments No can best resist,
And Aye support the Civil list:
Aye quick as Cæsar, wins the day,
And No, like Fabius, by delay.

Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,
Let Aye's seem No's and No's seem Aye's;
Aye's be in courts denials meant,
And No's in bishops give consent."

Thus Aye propos'd—and for reply,
No, for the first time, answer'd Aye.
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for pay like Swisses.

DEATH.—By *Lansdowne*.

ENOUGH, enough, my soul of worldly noise,
Of airy pomps, and fleeting joys;
What does this busy world provide at best,
But brittle goods that break like glass,
But poison'd sweets, a troubled feast, [pals;
And pleasures like the winds that in a moment
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.

How frail is beauty! ah how vain
And how short-liv'd those glories are,
That vex our days and nights with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In dust we no distinction see.
Such Helen is; such Myra, thou must be.

How short is life! why will vain courtiers toil
And crowd a vainer monarch for a smile?
What is that monarch but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a span?
With all his guards and his dominions, he
Must sicken too, and die as well as we.

Those boasted names of conquerors and kings
Are swallow'd and become forgotten things:
One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the vile, the coward, and the brave,
Are food alike for worms, companions in the
grave.

The prince and parasite together lie,
No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

FAVOURITE.

He that in court secure will keep himself,
Must not be great; for then he's envy'd at.
The shrub is safe, when as the cedar shakes;
For where the king doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envy'd are.

Shakespeare's Cromwell.

EPIGRAM.

Imitated from the French, by Mr. P. Dodd.
On the Death of a Spendthrift.
His last great debt is paid—poor Tom's no more!
Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before.

A novel has been lately published in Eng-
land, entitled "Azemia," by Jacquetta Ag-
netta Mariana Jenks. This name reminds of
Dr. Goldsmith's Carolina Wethelmena Amilia
Skeggs.

David, the celebrated French painter, has
realized a fortune of 20,000l. This is the true
mode of substantiating shadows.

Hanover, N. H. DEC. 12, 1804.

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